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BY HOYT & HUMPHREYS.

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ROASTED ALIVE.

A TALE OF THE BLOODY GROUND.

BY WM. EARLE BENDER.

The history of our border abounds with thrilling incidents, and we could fill volumes of interesting and exciting tales of those trying and adventurous times. Rape and murder, robbery and incendiarism blood and massacre, were common occurrences half a century ago in the wilderness of the West, and men and women who dared the dangers of the forest, stood in constant peril of their lives.

Among those who settled in Kentucky some eighty years ago, was a man named Martin Davis, who was accompanied by his wife Mary, and three small children.

A rude log cabin was soon built, and a patch of ground cleared for garden purposes, and then the pioneer and his family settled down in their wild woods home.

Time passed with more or less of trouble and danger, for the forest was full of Indians and wild beasts, and finally the following thrilling incident—terrible in all respects—occurred.

Well may the scene of such episodes be termed "The Bloody Ground."

One June afternoon in the Summer of 1782, Davis stepped out of his cabin into the garden in front, and suddenly a hideously painted Indian, with tomahawk uplifted sprang up in the space between himself and the door of the cabin, which he had left open behind him.

"Redskins, Molly!" wildly shrieked the pioneer, his first thought being for his family.

A quick cry issued from the cabin, and almost instantaneously the door was slammed to.

At the same moment the Indian uttered an ear-splitting yell and sprang at Davis, who turned upon his heels, and dashed away into the forest, not however before he had seen several other savages emerge from their concealment near the house.

"God have mercy on my wife and children!" he cried, as he dashed along; "for I can do nothing for them now. My only hope is to get assistance from the station. Meantime, oh! Lord God, aid and protect my dear wife and children!"

The poor man was nearly frantic, and in perfect desperation, he dashed along in the direction of the nearest station notwithstanding the little settlement was several miles distant. In fact he had no other alternative. It was hard to leave his family under such circumstances, but he could do them no good by remaining.

Panting and out of breath, he at length reached the stockade, but for some time was unable to articulate a syllable.

"My God, man, what's the matter?" was the inquiry of those around him as he stood and gasped at the poor fellow's frantic efforts to speak.

"Injuns—Injuns have attacked my cabin!" at last burst from his frothing lips. "Come with me, or they'll murder my wife and children! Come, come, for God's sake come! Don't stop—don't stay—but follow me!"

"Just let us get our weapons," was the response of those whom he addressed.

"Quick! quick! for the love of God, quick!" wildly ejaculated Davis.

A few moments later and the half-dozen men who were at the station at the time were following in the footsteps of the frenzied settler, who led the way into the deep forest with the most frantic desperation.

"On, friends on! and may the good God save my helpless wife and children!" the poor, half-crazed pioneer would every now and then cry out in the most intense and earnest tones.

At the best, it took an hour to reverse the distance between the cabin and the station and back again, and what would delay the remorseless savages from their bloody work for that length of time? What indeed!

Such distracting thoughts as these continually obtruded themselves into Davis' mind, and almost gounded him to madness.

Meanwhile let us go back to the cabin.

The redskins who had stayed after poor Davis only pursued him a few rods, and then gave up the chase, and rejoined the others at the cabin, the door of which

Mrs. Davis had so opportunely closed at the first alarm given.

The savages then commenced a ferocious assault upon the doors and windows—all of which were closed—but, though rough and small, the cabin was tight and substantial, and for a long time they made but little progress notwithstanding they battered away with all their might.

For a time, Mrs. Davis was almost paralyzed with terror, and she could do nothing but weep, and cry out and hug her frightened children to her wildly.

"Must we perish in this way?" she cried, in broken, heart-rending tones.

"Must I and my children be put to the knife by these bloody minded and remorseless savages. My poor husband, too—oh! where is he? Oh! I shall go mad. My God! is there no way of escape—no door open! Heaven help me, I must do something to save myself and children."

I cannot give up and die without an effort, for that would be sinful. Lord, give me strength in this my hour of need, for to Thee and Thee only I now look for aid.

At that moment the door came crashing in, and the next instant the room was filled with the yelling savages.

Mrs. Davis and her children screamed in concert, and the next moment they were in the power of the merciless redskins.

Such a scene as followed beggars all description. In the end, however, notwithstanding all their cries, and screams and struggles, the mother and her children were brutally massacred—inhumanly slain.

The bloody and remorseless deed accomplished, the fiendish redskins set to work to overhaul the cabin, and in a little while they came across a keg of whiskey.

"Down! down! fire water! drink! drink! feel nice! good all over! make brave! dam brave! Ugh! ugh!"

So they muttered meanwhile capering around their prize with every expression of joy. In that moment everything else was forgotten; and with a drunkard's delirium they gorged down the fiery fluid. Consequently, in a brief period not one of them could walk straight, and in a very little time longer the whole party were down upon the floor helpless and unconscious.

Time passed, and at length Davis and his companions neared the cabin.

"I hear nothing! I see nothing!" exclaimed the former, gaspingly. "Oh, God!" he added, wildly, "where are my wife and children? my dear wife and children?"

"Oh, I guess they're safe enough!" responded the men, encouragingly.

"God grant it! God grant it!" cried the pioneer, as he strained every sinew to reach the cabin.

It was now nearly dark, and surrounding objects were beginning to grow indistinct.

In a few moments the party reached the cabin, Davis, something in the ad and as the latter leaped the threshold into his little home, he uttered a loud, ear-splitting cry—a shriek of agony—and halted as it suddenly riveted to the spot.

A moment afterwards the others came up.

No explanation was needed. Before them lay the mutilated remains of Mrs. Davis and her children, and around about the drunken Indians.

The men muttered deep curses between their set teeth. The sight moved their fiercest passions.

The pioneer buried his face in hands and groaned as if his heart would break.

At length the settler started up a changed man, for his soul was on fire, and one thought only possessed him. You could read it in his burning glaring eyes.

"Retribution!"

"Look friends!" he cried, in loud and cracked tones, "my wife and children are murdered! murdered! See them where they lay! murdered and butchered like dumb beasts! And these are the devils—God's curse upon them!"—he pointed to the prostrate savages—who have done the bloody deed—who have desolated my life forever. They must die! as surely as they have done this thing they must die!"

"Say the word, and we'll make short work of the bloody cusses!" deeply ejaculated one of the men as he pointed his piece at a redskin's body.

Silently and sternly the rest imitated his example, and the parties being equal every redskin was covered.

"No! no! not that way!" eagerly cried Davis, his eyes burning with all the fires of madness. "That would be too good for the red fiends—too good! too good!"

"How then?" demanded his companions, simultaneously. "Say the word!"

"Burn them, as they would burn us, if

they had the chance!" fiercely hissed Davis, in deep and concentrated tones.

The pioneers of the great West feel but little pity for savages at any time, more especially under such circumstances, and no voice was raised against Davis' terrible proposition.

"They have wantonly, brutally murdered my wife and children!" continued the bereaved settler, "and now I would but remind me of them. I'll make a bonfire of it, and in the red flames roast their infernal carcasses. Who will aid me in my vengeance?"

Every man signified his readiness to assist in anything.

"Hands and feet, then, we will bind these drunken devils!" pursued Davis. "If either rouses up, shoot him through the heart!" he added, implacably.

The half-frenzied pioneer procured ropes, and in a little while, without let or hindrance, the six redskins were bound hand and foot. Then the bodies of poor Mrs. Davis and her children were taken out and buried by the settler and his companions—buried there, in great, black forest, by the light of a pine torch.

"God bless them, and keep them forever and ever!" cried the stricken husband, from the bottom of his breaking heart.

Then the sleeping redskins were carried out and then the cabin was given to the devouring element.

Ere long the little place was a mass of flames.

"Now, let justice be satisfied!" cried Davis, as they were all clustered in front of the fire; for is it not just that these fiends should suffer for the murder of my wife and children? Come toss them into the fiery furnace to which they are doomed!"

One by one the six powerless savages were lifted from the ground, and whirled into the crackling, seething flames. To escape there was no chance, notwithstanding they had begun to show signs of returning consciousness; that dreadful death was inevitable.

For a few moments shrieks and yells filled the air, and then nothing was to be heard but the roaring of the red flames. The redskins but awoke to realize their doom, and die with a howl of agony.

All over, Davis thanked the men from the station, and notwithstanding they earnestly urged him to go back with them, bade them adieu, and solitary and alone struck off into the deep black forest. Nothing was ever heard of him again.

Just So.—A calm blue-eyed, self-possessed young lady, in a certain place, received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the main question that brought her thither, said:

"I've been asked a good many times if you was engaged to Mr. —. Now if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?"

"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unflinching steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you don't know, and that you are sure it's none of your business."

MARRIAGE AND LOVE.—Marriage without love is life without health. There is no need to exhort a true woman to love her husband; she is sure to do it—she cannot help it. Even if her heart be pre-occupied, the sacred tie disposes it to respond to a husband, unless want of affection and kindness on his part prevents it.

Her first sensation (and we quote from a woman) is a sort of wonder at the good fortune that has given her to the man of her choice; her second, a sort of fear that she is not worthy of him and her third, a strong desire to become so.

Oh! that a woman's nature was studied by those who are destined to become her protectors and guardians! that they could understand her deep trusting tenderness; her perceptions of change and indifference, her unbounded capacity of being loved, and the immeasurable gratitude when this essential love and tenderness are accorded to her.

All a woman asks is love; for that she will resign self-will, opinion long-formed habits, everything. Withhold that, heap on her wealth, splendor in every form, and you fail to satisfy her. May a woman languish amid abundance, and envies the very beggar in the streets, if the latter possess the blessings of conjugal love.

THE IRISH IN THE FIELD.—It is said that ten Irish regiments in the Abolition States have offered their services to President Davis.

A LIFE PRESERVER.—No man was ever found drowned with a receipt from a printer in his pocket.

Military Movements.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.—Could the old Rail-mauler have taken a squint into our usually quiet village on Saturday last, he might have imagined that something "was up," sure. Could he have seen, as well as we did, the advent of armed bands into our midst, he might have thought that the "irrepressible conflict" had surely begun. The Mississippians came not by tens and twenties, but by hundreds—two trains loaded to their utmost capacity. And what a study was here presented in the tout ensemble of this assemblage! Every shade of character was here represented. The aristocrat and poor man stood shoulder to shoulder to battle for the rights in which each were equally interested. The grand-sire and youth were hasting into the field of duty, and going as joyfully as though bidden to a marriage feast. We did not attempt to count their numbers, but suffice it to say, that the whole Mississippi Battalion with the exception of the baggage guard, which took water transportation, arrived here, and are now quartered at the various fortifications below the city. They are no dress-parade soldiers, but hardy woodsmen, dressed in homespun pants and the picturesque hunting shirt, from the bosom of which were seen protruding the handles of revolvers and bowies.

We noticed one darkey—some officer's servant, we suppose—armed to the teeth, having no less than two pairs of revolvers attached to his person, sundry knife handles conspicuously in view, and the thought would intrude itself that we should like to "pit" this subtle warrior against the fighty (fighty?) editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, Gen. James Watson Webb. We would bet on the negro in the fight, but not in the foot race.

The Dick Keys and Kate Dale arrived at Barrancas yesterday, loaded down with troops, provisions and munitions of war. The Dale brought over the second company of Louisiana Zouaves. We shall have five thousand here soon. Let the "old concern" inaugurate the war, and we promise that there will no more "rest in Abraham's bosom."—Pensacola Gazette.

MAJOR ANDERSON IN NEW YORK.—The steamer Baltic, with Major Anderson and his command on board, arrived at New York on Thursday last. The Major was received at the dock by an immense concourse of citizens and conducted to his quarters at the Brevoort House.

The Secretary of War at Washington received the following despatch from Major Anderson, Thursday evening:

STEAMSHIP BAL TIC, OFF SAN DY HOOK, April 18, 1861, 10.30 a. m., via New York.

Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burnt the main gates destroyed by fire the gorge walls seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of heat; four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions remaining but pork, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard—being the same offered by him on the 11th instant, prior to the commencement of hostilities—and marched out of the fort on Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON
Major 1st Artillery, Commanding.
Hon. SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War, Washington.

AN OLD SOLDIER KICKED BY AN OLD RELIC.—The Petersburg Express relates in graphic style an accident which occurred a day or two ago to one Mr. Tudor, a veteran of the Mexican war, who, being made the recipient of an old flint-lock musket, a relic of the Southampton servile insurrection, which transpired about thirty years ago, took his present home for the purpose of indulging himself with pleasant reminiscences of his experience in the trade of war, and of discharging from it a load of two cartridges and five buck-shot, which, placed in it thirty years ago, had never since been withdrawn. The sequel of the affair is thus related by the Express:

Stationing himself in true military style, he gave the words "ready, aim, fire," at the same time pulling the trigger. The report as of a cannon sounded through the air, and a jar equivalent to that of a cannon ball striking him, landed him upon his back ten feet from where he stood. The rebound of the musket was powerful, knocking about two square inches of skin off his cheek and treble the amount from his shoulder, besides otherwise severely bruising him. The charge tore off nearly the whole side of an out-house. We learn that Mr. Tudor was more than satisfied with the result of his experience with the musket, and resolved to let it rest for another thirty years' space.

Correspondence of the Guardian.

Professor Lowe.

UNION C. H., April 21, 1861.

Quite an excitement was created in our town this morning upon the announcement of an unusual and precipitate appearance of a stranger last night, at 9 o'clock. But the manner in which the citizens of "Pea Ridge," Union district welcomed him was quite ludicrous. The stranger—as I learn—Prof. Lowe, the distinguished aeronaut, ascended in his car at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 20th inst., 4 a. m., with the design of going to Washington city; but having come in contact with a strong current of air, was born rapidly in this direction. He descended at one time in what he supposed was Spartanburg District, but finding that he was some distance from any railroad, and wishing to make for as near a point to one as his limited amount of gas would allow him, reascended and took a southward direction, and soon found himself in the vicinity of "Pea Ridge." But what was the consternation of the people on seeing the balloon approaching! Believing that the day of final retribution had come, and being wholly unprepared, some sought refuge in the adjacent woods, while others were valorous, and resorted to fire-arms. Nor were the old ladies less affected, but with giant strength seized fence rails, etc., and vociferously refused to allow the "destroying angel," as they believed him to be, to dwell among them. But he being unable to longer sustain himself in his car, descended amid the cries and imprecations of the spectators, and doubtless would have fared but poorly, had it not been for one gentleman who was more enlightened on the subject and who demanded for him a respite. He was accordingly allowed time to breath and depart in peace, upon condition that he be lodged safely in jail. He was placed in a wagon and drawn to the "Stone House" of this place, but the kind hearted jailer refused to confine him, and consigned him to the care of Messrs. Pant & Powell, the gentlemanly and courteous proprietors of the late Hughes & Giles Hotel, where he was kindly cared for, and spent the Sabbath unmolested. He brings papers dated in Cincinnati, 20th inst. He leaves in the morning for Columbia, via Spartanburg & Union Railroad, where he will doubtless give a good account of himself. C.

REBELS AND TRAITORS.—This is the common epithet bestowed by the Lincoln press upon the people of the seceded States. The same title was applied by the British and Tories in the Revolution to our ancestors. Even George Washington was styled the "rebel leader Mr. Washington." It took the "rebels" some time to teach the Tories good manners, but they succeeded at last; nor do we despair altogether of improving the Republican mode of speech, and that at no distant day. George the third never perpetrated a thousandth part of the wrongs against the colonies which Lincoln meditates against the Southern States, and there is no other difference between the two tyrants, except that the one was a gentleman and the other a blackguard. —Richmond Dispatch.

ATTACKING NORTHERN CITIES.—We trust that the South will soon be in a condition to act aggressively as well as defensively. We have no idea on the face of the earth of standing still and being butchered like sheep in a slaughter-house. As soon as possible, a blow should be struck at the populous hives on the border, and privateers should be fitted out to harass the enemy's commerce. The sooner this is done the better. Already, the Southern army, at different forts and stations, numbers about thirty-five thousand men. With the accession of Border States, this can be swelled, without an effort to a hundred thousand of the bravest troops in the world. We shall see whether the game of invasion which Abraham Lincoln has inaugurated is not one which two can play at.—Ed.

IRON BATTERIES.—The late engagement in Charleston has disclosed two facts, which are well worthy attention. One is, that the most efficient of the batteries which demolished Sumter was an iron battery, which is said to have been the first actual test in actual war of iron fortifications. The other fact is, that the floating iron battery successfully resisted all the heavy shots of Sumter, thus demonstrating the value of iron armor for vessels, in attacking ports. We would suggest whether floating batteries, similar to that in Charleston, might not be constructed in this city, and towed down to the neighborhood of Old Point, whilst a few batteries on land might be constructed of the same material, and brought to bear upon that famous fortress.

SUNDAY MORNING.—By news from Harper's Ferry we learn that the United States armories at that place have been partially burned by the garrison, which then fled to the Maryland side of the Potomac.

The Virginia State troops, upon coming up, obtained possession of 5,000 Minnie muskets, besides a large quantity of gunpowder and valuable military equipments.

A messenger arrived here on Thursday from the Mayor of Charlestown, Va., to Mr. Garrett, the President of the Baltimore Ohio railroad, instructed to demand guaranties from him that no troops should be permitted to pass over the main stem, fair country made to run with blood. If the Union could be restored by waging hostilities against those men who conscientiously differ with us, the end attained would indemnify the North and the South for sacrifices exacted, but the ruin of the country is involved in the fact of war. The Administration may learn this too late to avail itself of the lesson which it teaches, but the people should thunder the living truth in the ears of President Lincoln till he acknowledges his error. The cry should now be for Peace, and should ring throughout the land, before the work of desolation has rendered our Government to atoms. The people must now speak out boldly, and for the right, or suffer the terrible consequences of their apathy. Let Peace be the motto. It is the only one under which the true patriot can rally. With one and all who are not besotted by partisan zeal, let the cry be for Peace. —Buffalo Republic.

We cannot divine the ways of Providence; but to us it seems that a more unnatural and unhallowed warfare does not disgrace the annals of the world. Suppose the wrongs of the South are imaginary wrongs? Imaginary grievances have a moral force as potent as those that are real, and demand as serious treatment. Has the party in power dealt earnestly and candidly with the wrongs set forth by the Southern people? Most assuredly not? but with dogged obstinacy it has persisted in forcing its ethical doctrines upon a people to whom they were repulsive, and now because they refuse to swallow the Republican draught, their homes are to be desolate, and their and that no more munitions of war should be suffered to be removed from the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. If these guaranties were not given, the messenger was authorized to state to Mr. Garrett that the bridge over Harper's Ferry would at once be blown up. Letters have also been received from numerous farmers on the route to the effect that if any troops were allowed to pass over the road, the bridges would at once be burned.

When the news of the surrender of Maj. Anderson reached the city on Saturday afternoon, the Harbor Master ordered the vessels in port to display their colors. Some of them ran up the old United States ensign at their masthead, which being noticed by some of our citizens, they were waited on and requested to haul it down, as on an occasion of this kind, they considered such an exhibition in bad taste. It did not require much persuasion, to receive a ready compliance; the old bunting came down rapidly, and in one case particularly, the brig Black Fish, substituted its place with that of the Palmetto design. The stars and stripes, it is proper to state, were what some of the captains of the vessels understood as the order of the Harbor Master to hoist, and was only in obedience, as they thought, to his order that they acted.—Savannah Republican.

A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family and country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida but with all these she fails to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections that, without love, their existence is void. Better submit, then, to "household tasks" than doom yourselves to a loveless home. Women of a high order of mind will not run this risk; they know their feminine and domestic duties are their first duties. —Field & Fireside.

Here is the eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt not carry off the editor's exchanges, unless thou art sure he is done done with them; neither shalt thou talk to him when he is reading proof or writing lest he should get angry and order thee out of the sanctum."

A man who has done wrong, is always fearing that his friends will rise up against him and accuse him of evil. His conscience is never at rest.